

The Standard.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

The new poem delivered by Mr. Butler before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College last evening bears a general family or paternal likeness to its predecessor, the celebrated "Nothing to Wear." It is a longer poem, is a continuous story of more body and invention, and the author has wisely exchanged tripping dactyls and anapests for the heroic rhyme, which, if less suited to lighter movements of the narrative, greatly strengthens the numerous serious passages. The manner and relief of the two poems are much the same, alternating familiar pleasantry with weighty sentiment, pursuing with ease the old track of the poet.

"From grave to grave, from lively to severe."

A prelude to the poem is so clear an exposition of the author's intent, and so felicitous an expression of his manner, that it may be accepted as a fair criticism of the work:

"Foot," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write!"
So sang on other days that gentle Knight,
Gentlest and bravest, in undying song,
Like his own temper, serene and strong.
"Look in thy heart and write," such was the word
In the wide woodlands, through the shadows, heard
By our own Houses and Halls, when on his ear
The Muse of the Night fell soft and clear.
And such the high behest which comes oft times
To the poet of all years and climes,
The Master Minister, the great and good,
The perfect types of human souls are wrought,
To whom all men give place, and meaner things
Sink into Sabbath stillness and repose.
Not so my week-day Muse; to me she cries,
"Look through the world, look at all about you lies,
The noisy town, its common day, its life,
Flushed with the passions, hot and selfish strife,
The crowded streets, the dens of Vice and want,
The gilded halls where Pride and Fashion haunt,
And from their mingled throngs, the gay, the gay,
Weave, if you will, the Epic of To-day."
"Forego," she cries, "the boyish dream of Fame,
Speak as you see, and as you feel and know.
Draw at a venture; it may be the point
Of your chance shall place a yielding joint
In the stout harness of some veteran wrong,
Or full armed folly, in its vintage strong.
Let but the word be honest and sincere,
For him alone whose inner sight is clear
From mist of passion or of selfish dread,
The truth, white-robed, shall, like a Vestal, wait
Behind the shrine and sacred fires of Fate,
Whose touch etherealizes the mortal word,
Things that are, are not as they seem to be."

The "veteran wrong" is the ostentatious, callous display of wealth with its preliminary and attendant hard-heartedness.

FIRKIN was worth Two Millions; his Inventory
Of Real and Personal Estate was long and true;
Two solid Millions, every body said it
Was not his name a luminous orb of credit?
Was not his praise in every City Bank?
Was he not foremost in the foremost Bank
OF MERCHANT PRINCIPLES, that invincible host,
The Empire City's proud, imperial host,
His veteran guard, his veteran guard,
Not with fixed bayonets and bristling lance,
But with sharp bargains and keen speculations,
Carry her eager redoubt of silver and gold,
Holder than ever Templars or Crusaders,
They sweep the distant seas, that daring Traders,
Thin-fabled Argonauts, or Classic Caesars,
They grasp the World, the Western Globe, the Eastern?

Think not, in this last verse, my Muse evinces
The slightest disrespect to Merchant Princes;
There are whose hearts are large and frank and loyal,
Whose human nature, like their wealth, is royal;
In whose free hands the glittering and gorgeous dust
Is not mere money, but a sacred trust;
Long may we keep their trust, untainted line,
Such men are princes in a higher sense;
Such was not Firkin; in his principality,
Worth than high treason was all liberality,
No ray of truth, with unselfish cheer,
Threw its bright gleam on the dark and drear;
Where every friendly grace of heart and hand
Was seized and forfeited as contraband.
You read it in his eye, his brow, his lip,
Which clutches the light, but grudges a kind return,
In genial glances, through the open day,
And with three hundred millionaires,
His hard, square features, like an iron scale,
Locked in his thoughts; no chance, untried wail
Of fugitive feeling, or of untried wail,
The inner man, or mental stock in trade,
The portly figure, with his solvent air,
Proclaimed to all the world the Millionaire,
His purse and person both at perfect length,
And even the higher law which he obeyed,
With all his heart and soul and mind and strength,
He loved his maker, good, just, true, and true,
Self-made, self-trained, self-willed, self-satisfied,
He was, himself, his daily bread and pride,
His wealth was all his own; he was not a slave
To his own cunning skill? There shone upon it
No grateful memories of another's toil,
No flowers of friendship, or of sunny soil,
No ties ancestral linked it with the past,
As in his hard, closed hands he held it fast.

His notions of ancestry, his supplemental tomb
In his purchased coat of arms—
He had it painted on his carriage door,
Stamped on his spurs, and in his floors;
It shone, resplendent, on each piece of china;
No work of art, he fancied, could be finer,
When he beheld his line, his brilliant line,
Gleam in the soap and glimmer through the gray!
Pleased as a child with every separate view,
Or a New Zealand with a fresh tattoo.

—his way of wealth, a transcript from Wall street;
his creed, a picture made by the of those fine transi-
tions from bad vulgar life into the domain of imagi-
nation and feeling, characteristic of the poem.
And yet, he seemed devout; without much search,
You might have found, on any Sunday morning,
His visible countenance, the visible church,
With green and gold in front and altar,
A gorgeous cushion, somewhat flushed with sherry,
A footman, poorly with perpetual diapers,
Waited, while Firkin in the sanctified zone,
With many other "miserable sinners,"
Cushioned the carnal man in downy pews,
Dressed over gilt-rail, and prayer and psalter,
Rose with the music, looked down the organ,
On prima donna, never known to falter,
In chant or solo, hymn, or anthem splendid,
Those solemn prayers, those solemn hymns,
The ancient Church first taught the lips of Time,
Thenceforth to sound forever—as when first,
Flashed with light, the first of the great burst
From their cold stillness, and rejoicing, gave,
Back to the flood of Day, its tide upborne
Of rarest harmony, was answering wave,
Deep calling unto deep, Music to music,
Those lofty chants, first echoed under domes
Of starry midnight, or in calcastrous
Where, by rude altar and ancestral tomb,
Deep in the rocky earth, the vestal choir,
Now swelled from lips of people and priest,
To fall on Firkin's ear without the least
Responsive utterance, or the faintest note
That they had any reference to his song;
—his philanthropy or misanthropy, which set down
poverty as a crime and liberality as only its encour-
agement; his politics, which—

A safe complexion for a Merchant Prince,
Who valued Governor and Legislature,
To wealth and capital against insurrection,
His thought that legislation should be planned,
And the great Ship of State equipped and manned,
Solely with reference to the property owners,
Those cabin passengers, our American Peasants,
While you and I, and other "low-downs,"
Who work the ship, or suffer in the storm,
He reckoned dangerous chaps who raised the gales
Which roused and ruffled through the spars and sails:

—these are all marked etchings of familiar traits,
Firkin may be met with on 'Change; if he
is out of town at the moment, and Sartoga
will show you a hundred of him. The mari-
monial life of such a man is of course a failure.
struggle for wealth, ossifying process, the upward
effort through the tough crust of worldliness, has
hood, the weary, down the at an adopted daughter,
to be supported by the widower's convention and
ostentation, till she marries a youth whose lack
of money making was his crime, when she is discar-
ded. Her story is the pattern of the poem. The
thin spin life of the husband is cut short, and
we have Rachel brought face to face with the woman's
question:

Thus in her widowhood, a prisoner,
In all the earth there was no place for her.
She was a lady once; there was the rub;
She had no heart to beg, no strength to scold,
Or e'en days' wages at the washing tub;
And when she looked, as many a sorrowing sister,
Before and since, down that attractive valley,
Which opened to her sight with joy and sorrow,
That charming view, a lifetime of plain sewing;
That faded all her fading scenery
Was quite cut up and raised by machinery
Just as the rapid rattle on the rail

• New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1858.

Destroy the calm of some secluded vale,
Saw the new invention's tiny clock tick;
As its simple task it plied and ticked;
It seemed as if the wicked minion laughed
At the slow thimble, and the fingers pricked
With weary stitches and cried out in gloe,
Give up the race, you can't compete with me,
The seamstress sinks before the Patentee!

She looked for help to her own sex, to those
Strong-minded women who have come to blows
With the machine, and publish their intentions
In fierce debates and furious conventions;
To one of these she went and sat and wondered,
As the Olympian Juno stormed and thundered;
It was exciting, but the heated place
Threw not a ray of light upon her case.
She did not want to cut and scorch her skin,
Or to discard her gentle, womanly nature,
For any seat in any legislature,
For she had owned acre, on its axis,
While the world turned, she would have paid her taxes,
With or without a representative,
As she had owned acre, on its axis,
A seat at Nature's table, and a share
In human sympathy and love and care.

For she had found the march of Woman's Rights
In not for her suffer, but who fights,
The prime maxim, in its foremost van,
Not round loud platforms and noisy banners,
But those pure Altars, those perpetual Shrines,
Which grace and gladden all our Saxon Homes!

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and wit, in the hands of the great, are the most
valuable weapons of the age, and they are properly
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done his spiriting gently, sharply satirizing fully
when it verges into vice, preserving essential justice
by due distinctions, reproving with a loving hand,
not sparing the ludicrous, piercing the incrustation
of our social system, and penetrating the conceal-
ment of the hypocrite, and the selfishness of the
world and well performed, not that he thoroughly
for its apparent life. If the shaft has a pictured
feather, there is effective steel at the point.

Heaven unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good and make a bait of pleasure,
The scold the wall, the scold the wall,
—sings or says saintly George Herbert, and we may
fancy auditors, accustomed to read, unscathed by
pulpit fancies, taking to heart a lesson which finds
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and it should be dug up from the grave where
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would have been very different. The people were,
and are, a very honest and sensible body, and they
crowded and swarming in those wretched hives,
Lay on layer of cheap human lies.

Or, if you think the picture of a man of stealing
Go for yourself, if you have never seen,
Go for yourself, when the driving sleet,
Through the bare hair pours your freezing feet,
And, as from room to room you're freezing feet,
The crazy building rattling in the blast,
The cold wind rattling in the blast,
In hopes some friendly street lamp will glare,
Go in mid-winter, when the August rays
On the place their fierce, untimely blaze;
From the scorching pavement to the scorching caves,
No point of shade the flaming sun relieves,
And the hot air, with rank and poisonous breath,
Through the narrow streets, and the narrow streets,
Or go as Firkin went—on some bright day,
When all without glows in the cheerful ray,
And the sun, through the open window, fills the hall,
Feel the cold dampness and the sudden chill,
Strike through your shivering skin with onens ill:
He felt it not, through all the living year,
He walked, exulting in an atmosphere
Filtered and rarified to that degree,
By his two Million power of solvency,
Which had impressed upon the air a sense of stealing
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relative before he is buried:
At once two parties, in that house of Death,
Sprang into life, full armed, with poisoned breath,
"Will" and "No Will" were the words of strife;
And, when the Lawyer came, both sets of heirs
Pounced fiercely on him, claiming he was theirs.
He calmed the uproar, heard the claims,
And strove in vain to catch its hidden clue.
To tear his Will had Firkin really meant,
Or was he only stalling for the time, to see
Perchance a question partly of intent,
Perchance of doubtful law; in either view,
The case was novel, and the point was new;
And it was plain at the first appearance,
Good for a Trojan War of litigation.
Straight on the lawyer's clear, prophetic sight,
The case was clear, and the point was new;
Latest and greatest of the famous causes,
About last will, their codicils and clauses.
He sees the eager, hungry, and the greedy,
Around the carcass of the huge estate,
In the dim chambers of the surrogate,
Behind bulky quaterns, and the people of the law,
Ten leading lawyers crammed with the proceedings,
A hundred witnesses on either side,
With cross-examinations incessant;
And twenty theories, all inconsistent!
But, first sight of all, besides, he sees
The patient, the patient, the patient,
No fear of loss, no client to be damned,
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A Wreck and ruin. For the fearful stroke
Had shattered all his frame and left his light
On all his limbs, and he lay there, a wreck,
To that quick vigor which before he prized
As all of life; broken and paralyzed,
In that dim border land 'twixt life and death,
Yet not unblest, for in the fatal trial
He saw his spirit, like his own true will,
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The light of heaven's robes through his mortal scene,
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Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown,
Though Queenly meet, stamped with the Royal Heads,
Their humble toil to endless honor leads;

Though, like a bow of Hope, their fame is bent,
From side to side, each broad Continent;
An pictured Volume, with its tinted page,
Bears their meek features to the coming Age;
A higher joy their gentle spirit keeps,
Where, all unknown, their silent watch they keep,
Far from the echo of the world's applause,
Through sultry noon, or midnight's dreary pause—
Where helpless infants gasp their parting breath,
Or dined in sorrow and baptized with Death;
Or strong men, toiling, with their suffering lips,
In fever-torments and the mind's eclipse,
Plunge through the starless storm, like foundering ships;
Or Old Age, shrinking from the tyrant's clutch,
Feels, through the darkness, for their tender touch—
Watching and waiting, till the rising Morn
Shall greet their saintly faces, pale and worn
With the long vigil, as they steal away,
Through darkened chambers, at the dawn of day,
Unloose the casement to the early air,
Bids pure radiance with their purer prayer,
Drink in fresh courage with its quickening breath,
Then shut the sunlight from the bed of Death,
But bear, serenely, to the sufferer's side,
A brighter beacon than the Morning tide,
Faith's golden dawning, which, from heights above,
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religion claims the daughter of affliction, and gold
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And while each deplores shadow round her falls,
She waits, like Mary, till the Master calls!
The poem ends with one of the most beautiful
and pathetic tributes to woman ever penned:
Not vain alone. Such have there ever been,
Since human grief has followed human sin—
The patient, perfect Woman! As they climb,
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From the Elizabeth City Pioneer.

JUDGE DOUGLAS.

The individual whose name heads this article, has
excited, for some time back, more interest than any
one individual of the same number of inches in the
country, and enjoying the same position in the
Democratic party, his erratic course has drawn
forth comments from every quarter, and his name
has been the burden of every stump speech, and
has constituted the staple for newspaper articles
since the first enunciation of his sentiments upon the
Kansas question. When it was known that Judge
Douglas would oppose the Lecompton constitution,
and throw the weight of his splendid abilities in
favor of those who were arrayed against the admin-
istration upon this important measure, the Demo-
cratic party could but give for the defection and in-
fatuation of one, who had, by his herculean blows,
driven the cohorts of Black Republicanism before
him as the chaff is swept before the power of the
wind. The Democratic party, the people of the
South, had learned to regard the name of Douglas
as synonymous with constitutional rights. So ably,
so manfully, so gallantly, had he battled in the cause
of equal rights and the constitution, barring his
strong arm for the fight and wielding his mighty
battle axe to the terror and dismay of the border o-
riginals, and infusing into the faithful eyes turn-
ed to him as the leader of future contests, and look-
ed forward with confidence to the day when his gal-
lant services should be rewarded by the suffrages of
a grateful and admiring people for the first office
within their gift. In a moment of infatuation, led
heedlessly on by his restless ambition, ungovern-
able ambition, unable to abide his time, he breaks
through all restraints, and heeds the dictates of
prudence and of patriotism, throws himself in op-
position to the party that had elevated and honored
him, affiliates with his old enemies, and the enemies
of the Union, in their efforts to defeat an impor-
tant measure of Democratic policy, becomes the leader o-
f the Black Republican phalanx, and huris a proud
and faithful associate of the administration, in this
fatal step taken, never were the prospects of
any man brighter; before the adoption of this suicidal
course the goal of his highest ambition loomed up
and opened its portals to receive him; before he deter-
mined to take this fearful leap, his feet rested upon
the topmost road and it was only left for him to step
off the pinnacle and he had so long labored to at-
tain. Fatal reaction in his execution lighted forer-
er the hopes of his friends and raised a feeling of ma-
lignant delight in the bosoms of those who had dog-
ged his footsteps and pursued him with vindictive
ness that would have shamed the presiding devil
of the infernal regions. Lucifer's descent to his eternal
home was not more rapid than that of Stephen A.
Douglas from the throne and esteem of the Demo-
crats. They viewed his course with regret, and
grieved for his fall. When Abraham Lincoln re-
solved to strike his first blow in obedience to the
command of his Maker, the pang that tore his bosom
was not greater than that which ran through the
Democratic heart when a rigid adherence to prin-
ciple required the sacrifice of him upon whom had been
reposed the hopes of the future, and the bright waters
of the deep and silent Sea of Calvary, to the
American heaven, and went down in the West!

Upon a postmortem examination, the left wall of
the heart was found to be worn to the consistence
of thin paper. The physician, schooled in the
subtleties of his art, would give this condition of
the heart a term known in medical science, but we
have not the technical name for a disaster like
this, happening under the circumstances, to a man
of great organization, long and powerfully worked upon,
struggling against slander and vituperation, which
creating emotions of anguish almost unutterable,
sending the crimson tide with seething violence
along, might break the heart and "loosen the silver
cords."

With a few words about Mr. Maffat's powers of
oratory, and we have done. He was pre-eminently
an orator. It was "action! action! action!"
that made him "vital in every part in the pulpit."
He has been accused of theatrical gesture, tone and
attitude. Granted. Where do we look for accom-
plished declamation, faultless attitude and jectula-
tion, and pleasing vocal inflection, but to the actor
and the theatre? One may be eloquent, but yet no
orator. Demosthenes, Chatham, Patrick Henry
were orators, and Maffat modeled after the great
masters. He spoke with the inspiration of Isaiah—
all the emotions, all the passions were painted be-
fore the eye, as upon an intensified canvas.

He has not, like Russell, a world range of
thought, a power like that of the old giants who
threw mountains at the gods; nor had he a voice
like him, deep, sonorous and uprising as a Handel
anthem, rolling its organ thunder,
"The Wrath, the delegated voice of God."
Less terrible and less powerful than this great
divine, Mr. Maffat was, beyond controversy, a more
elegant and finished elocutionist—the most poeti-
cally gifted of the twain. We do not say that Maffat
had no power—his wonderful way over the minds
of men—the innumerable captives which he bound
to the victorious chariot of Christianity, preclude
such a conclusion.

Rapid, yet distinct in articulation, suiting
the word to the action and the action to the word;
in a moment, by a liquidity of vocal intonation, he soft-
ened down the asperities of human nature, subdued
the heart, and melted it to tenderness.
There was no hesitating the White Horse of the
Apocalypse, to ride, Alexander-like, into the straits,
crudities and inexplicable dogmas of theologic
lore. The orator settled in the conviction that the
auditory took upon trust that validity of the Bible
and the grand principles of immortality illuminating
its pages, plunged at once into the subject. He
played upon the passions like a necromancer, and
overturned the reason like a giant and vigor of elo-
quence, the prejudices which other men could not control.

In the after time, when the potent ward of pre-
judice shall be broken—as after time which never
fails to consecrate—far as Carlyle says, "Men crucify
their goods and worship them afterwards!"—the
history of the Church will pause to tell us, how
one alternately careworn like Whitfield, and down-
cast like Mirabeau, gained so wonderful an ascen-
dancy over some of the first intellects of his age,
and dragged thousands with him to the Altar and
the Baptism! The response is easy. It was the
triumph of Genius—Genius notwithstanding the
overturning of the reason, and the vigor of elo-
quence, the prejudices which other men could not control.

J. W. O.

SPURGEON, THE GREAT ENGLISH DIVINE, COMING TO
AMERICA.—As Spurgeon, the celebrated English di-
vine, whose preaching has created such an excite-
ment in Great Britain, is about to visit this country,
a short description of him will not be uninteresting.
Mr. Field, the London correspondent of the New
York Herald, has just been preaching lately to an
audience of eight or ten thousand persons, in that
city, says:—

"Never had a public speaker a more unpromising
exterior than Mr. Spurgeon. He is very short and
very fat, and altogether what we should call "chubby-
bik," as he goes waddling up the stairs he looks
like a stout, overgrown boy, and a fully developed
man. Nor does his countenance betoken superior
intellect. His forehead is low, and his upper lip is
so short that it shows his teeth, which gives his
mouth the appearance of a simper or a grin. Sur-
prisingly, I thought, eloquence cannot come out of such a
mouth as this."

But the impression which a physiognomist might
form from these dull and heavy features is dispelled
as soon as he begins to speak. Then his coun-
tenance lights up with animation. His voice is full
and clear, and rings through the hall like a clarion,
filling every ear with melodious sound.
He speaks extemporaneously, without a note, and
his singular eloquence and simplicity of language
are most remarkable, and have given him greater
notoriety than any clergyman in England. So great
are the crowds that flock to hear him that a small
fee is charged to prevent confusion and disorder.
He speaks twelve times a week, and yet enjoys ex-
cellent health.

[From the Sunday Delta.]

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFAT.

For twenty-five years—years fruitful in adven-
ture, vicissitudes and glory, the celebrated man
whose name heads this article, was the Whitfield
of the American Pulpit. From the Penobscot to the
Colorado, from Galena to the pillars of the Capitol,
the fame and the victories of the orator oscillated
like the Indian Ocean, the ebb and flow of which
assembled multitudes when they were present in the
Babylons of England. Scarcely even in the
Papal City, did one man exercise a more potent in-
fluence than in his mid-career did John Newland
Maffat. Wherever he went, whether in the crowd-
ed metropolis or the hushed wilderness; whether the
religious atmosphere was cold or hot, it was one
continued scene of almost miraculous triumph—
Friendship was converted into a feeling akin to adora-
tion, and enemies were metamorphosed into friends.

He had but one hobby—it was that of the Cross,
and as if the vision of Constantine was forever be-
fore his eyes, the preacher held in the heaven of his
soul the august and hallowed Emblem. Like the
Roman Emperor, he believed that the world was
in letters of ineffable beauty: "In this I conquer!"
Men recognized in him everywhere a man, and in
that man the inspiration of an Apostle. He accom-
plished what Genius accomplishes among "every na-
tion, kindred, tongue and people." It is idle to
say that a radically corrupt being—a cheat and hy-
pocrite—a knave bathed in sacred blood—could have
moment his feet touched the portico of the Church.
Fraternal he unquestionably had, but who had great-
er temptations laid to ensnare and entrap them?

At length, far away in the land of Bienville, hun-
ted down, with faded reputation, stricken and ill,
but with unblenching spirit and unabating fire, the
quarrel of a century ago came to its close. The
malaria of death was in his nostrils, and the in-
evitable hour had come. Would he swing loose
without a hope of immortality? would he dash
headlong into the vast ocean of eternity, when the
bosom of the great deep was swelling, distorting,
bursting in the agony of the storm